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THE
MAGIC LANTERN.

[PRICE 1s. 6d.]



THE
MAGIC LANTERN;

OR,

LES OMBRES PATRIOTIQUES.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. OWEN, NO. 168, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE BOND-STREET.

M.DCC.XCIV.

M. A. G. I. C.



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THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

ADJUTANT GENERAL

LONDON

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THE
MAGIC LANTERN.

COME, see my fine GALANTY SHEW,
My mess will please you, ere you go,
I hope beyond expressing.
I serve up the lean Tribe of OURS,
Who, tho' distemper'd with the *pouts*,
May relish by the *dressing*.

First, in mock-majesty appear
Those who shou'd rather form the rear,
If *Parts* took place of *Birth*.
Instead of *Parts*, denied by fate,
They've gotten Titles and Estate,
The *succedan* for *Worth*.

A

Keen

12
17

Keen SHERRY, in an arch *aside*,
Vows these great Satraps are belie'd
By those who call them fools.
“ They are for *use* as well as *shew*---
“ We are the *Workmen*, and you know
“ A Workman must have *Tools*.”

Aye, honest SHERRY! by the rood!
A Workman you have prov'd full good
For *self*, and taken care,
Whate'er your *work*, to get your *pay* :
Not minding what the World might say,
You took the *Lion's share*.*

Cou'd grandsire *Pedagogue* arise,
Or father *Player* ope' his eyes,
Lord ! how they both wou'd wonder !
Lord ! how they'd stare to see thy state,
And swear by *Jasus* ! Madam Fate
Had made some *Irish* blunder.

* Alluding to the very advantageous terms upon which this Gentleman is said to have lately disposed of his concern in a New Theatre.

Satraps !



Satrap! to you I turn again---
Indeed, my Lords ! it gives me pain,

(For, certes, I adore ye !)

That SHERRY, with unblushing face,
Shou'd, God forgive him, take your place,
And poke his nose before ye.

You're Politicians but by *proxy*---
A Bottle, *Brookes's*, and a Doxy,
You clearly understand :
But all beyond is *Terr-incog*,
And State Affairs each *titled log*
Leaves to his *pension'd band*.

True, sometimes, wanting to *get in*,
You loudly bellow, fiercely grin,
Just prove yourselves *a bore*,
Just pop your heads from out your cloud,
Then quickly your *wise* noddles shroud,
Like *Ossian's* Ghosts of yore.

But

But not so all---for thee I hail,

Thou doughty Peer of L--D-RD-LE!---

Rejoicing in thy strength,

Thou, like a *Craken* in the wave,

Dost flounce and flounder, spout and rave---

'Tis Folly *at full length*.

ST-NH-PE too scuds with press of sail,

While bellowing madness blows the gale

'Gainst *reason's wind and tide*.*

Where are your Friends ?---What, have you none ?

'Tis time, so very far you're gone,

That B-dl-m should be tried.

In yon dark cloud see ! next advance,

A Peer, exclaiming " Peace with France !"

With his *dissenting* train †

Of ev'ry shade, of ev'ry hue;

Ruin to Church and State their view,

Staunch *Levellers* in grain.

* The mechanical and political efforts of this Noble Peer are of a piece: he has lately constructed a vessel to sail *against wind and tide*.

† He is *particularly* attentive to *Dissenters* of every denomination, from the old, staunch Presbyterian damnation men, to the modern no-christian Priestleyan materialists.—It is enough for him that they are *Dissenters* from Church and State.

Friend

Friend *Malagrida*! you *gain'd* much

By the last Peace---of many *such*

I doubt not you'd be fond.

Unhappily, all Parties smoak ye,

But *in*, the Devil, your friend, can't poke ye;

Like *judas* then, *despond*.

Then W-C--BE, chip of the old block,

Will, faithful to the parent stock,

Mental CA IRAS sing :

Will, *inly*, dance the CARMAGNOLE,

But order *decent* bells to toll :

For father L--s---N's *swing*.

Cease, G--LDF--D ! think upon thy Sire---

Blush, if thou can'st, and then retire.

Cease, G--LDF--D ! prithee cease !

By N--TH's dread *War*, almost *undone*,

To prove thyself his *genuine* Son,

Thou'dst *ruin* us by *Peace*.

B

What !

What ! is this GR-FT-N ? No, *he's* dead---

Junius long since poor GR-FT-N *sped*

By many a deadly blow.

Why from thy cearments wilt thou rise ?

“ No speculation in those eyes ”---

Go, dusky Shadow ! go !

Vanish, dark Sprite ! lie still and rot,

Happy by all to be forgot ;

Go, wait thy final doom.

If not, I'll call up *Junius'* shade---

Soon is the Ducal Spectre laid :

It, trembling, seeks its tomb.

Steady! good N-RF-LK, know that here

You play (what tho' unus'd) the Peer ;

Steady then, do not *stagger*.

Say quickly what thou hast to say,

Then go (if thou *can'st* go) thy way,

And sheath thy *leaden* dagger.

The

The maiden ALB-M-RLE appears,
 Panting with virgin hopes and fears,
 And eager for a *Name*.
Noted you'll be if you proceed,
 But there's a difference, take heed,
 'Twixt *Infamy* and *Fame*.

Spread not, then KEPPEL! ev'ry sail:
 The present is a treach'rous gale;
 Keep a look out before.
 Reef up thy topsails, slack thy pace,
Caution's the *virtue* of thy race---
 Beware of a *lee-shore*.

Here D-RBY loudly cries, "*oppose!*"
 Strives to thrust *in* his snubby nose,
 Not of a *piercing* nature.
 Fie! Lady D-RBY, fie! O fie!
 Why will you not politely *die*?
 You obstinate, cross creature!

So

So very long you've liv'd, I doubt

E'en now your Lordling's fire is out,

Each genial feeling gone.

Well then, with F-RR-N he must play

In the old-fashion'd, humdrum way,

Old *Darby* and old *Joan*.

The mighty *Mendicant* comes next,

Fair Freedom now his daily text :

But, mark the Statesman's life---

When *in*, he truckles, when he's *out*

He makes the devil of a rout

To stir *internal strife*.

When *in*, for Parliament and King ;

When *out*, the PEOPLE's ev'ry thing---

He lives but by *transition*.

At NORTH he aim'd full many a thrust ;

A *villain* ! he wou'd never trust---

Then hey ! for *Coalition* !

Trust

Trust me, you wage unequal War,

PITT is the *Sun*, you but a *Star*,

Subject to *occultation*.

You must be laid upon the shelf---

The Man who cannot save himself,

Can never *save the Nation*.

All that you had has gone to pot :

The thousands won, and those you got

From Britain's great *Defaulter* :

For these, and thousands more, some say,

(Don't think I join with them, I pray)

Your Sire deserv'd a halter.

Rest then, perturbed Spirit ! rest !

PITT's still triumphant in the test

With Liberty's *mock Martyr* ;

Who says, by bold ambition spurr'd,

That neck or nothing is the word,

The *Gallows*, or the *Garter*.

CHARLY ! adieu---you've chang'd your ground

So oft, no little spot is found

On which your feet to fix.

The game is up---the farce is o'er---

The Man's a Conjuror no more

When we know all his *tricks*.

Look ye ! here's WILLY AD-M too---

What will not potent Faction do ?

Why, WILLY ! what a pox !

What drove *you*, who once aim'd your lead

At the arch-patriot's sacred head,

To keep the *Pauper's box* ?

How strange ! it seems thy Patriot mind

Is an *unique*, and of a kind

Most *pliable* and *limber* :

It leads you *now* your man to kill,

Next moment you exhaust your skill

To find him *belly-timber*.

Next GR-Y, that Hotspur of the North,
In wond'rous bustle issues forth

With *radical Reform*.

How wou'd th' experienc'd Seaman stare
To hear of a *complete repair*

While wrestling in a storm?

Farewell, my fierce Northumbrian Squire---

Come, WH-TBR--D, give us your *Entire*,

Your *Amber*, and your *Ale*.

Faugh!---This will ne'er our spirits cheer---

All *froth* a-top, like Dad's own Beer,

At bottom, *flat* and *stale*.

" My Country's *ruin'd!*" M--TL-ND cries,

" By these new Levies"---while his eyes

Huge patriot drops distill.

Yet, midst his agonizing throes,

He *profits* * by his Country's woes,

And gulps the gilded pill.

* This disinterested Patriot, when some astonishment was expressed at his reprobating a measure which he himself had followed, greatly to his advantage, very coolly replied, that he had done so because he could no otherwise have gotten *a step* while the present Administration remained in power.

So the young Sinner squawls and squeaks,
And plays off all her maiden tricks :

Exclaims, " vile wicked man !"

Yet *prudently* accepts the gold,
Saying, " as Chastity is *sold*,

" I'll *sell* too when I can."

My poor M'L--D ! your credit's gone---

Borrow some shame, as you have none ;

For *change* find some pretext.

I pity you, so will not say

Why † fierce for Ministry to-day,

'Gainst them you're fierce the next.

Dame Vanity ! beat all thy drums :

ER---NE the *Egotist* now comes,

State wheat from chaff to winnow.

I, the dull burden of the tale---

To *gaping* Jurymen a whale,

To *Senators* a minnow.

† The refusal on the part of Ministry of a *separate* Command in India, produced a tergiversation so instantaneous and violent, that all who did not know the Man were astonished. His old friends beheld the desertion without regret, and his new ones received him, as deserters are received, with coldness and distrust.

C--RTN-Y,

C--RTN-Y, behold without a sous,

The *Punchinello* of the House,

His pilfer'd Jokes retail.

In vain he tries a ghastly smile,

Domestic sorrows to beguile---

Those sorrows will prevail.

For Madam scolds, the Children squawl,

And he's got nought at all, at all,

To quiet one or t'other.

To Dublin garret, whence you came,

Return, you cannot raise a flame

With all your Irish bother.

Next, let me see, who have we here?

'Tis Norfolk C-KE, the *would-be* Peer---

Make him *Regalia Shew-man*.

Us'd to display his mass of plate,*

He'll fill that Office of the State

As well as HOAR's *old woman*.†

* The family plate at H—lk—m, said to be the most splendid in the Kingdom, is exhibited with great parade to all who come to see the House.

† Mr. HOAR has the charge of the Crown, and other Regalia in the Tower, and employs a *Woman* to exhibit them.

D

Who

Who are that peerless Pair? O ho!

'Tis little great MICH. ANGELO

And T-RLT-N, precious Heroes!

“ Smell off!” smell off!” my Brentford Pair

Smell off!---one verse I cannot spare

For *thingumbobs* and *zeros*.

Here slashing PARK, pedantic prig,

Despairing, views his ample wig,

Made for Archbishop's pate.

With priestly anger inly burns,

His waste of Greek and Latin mourns,

Spent for a thankless State.

The shining Mitre melts away,

Which danc'd before you many a day,

And *once* you thought so sure.

'Tis gone---good Doctor, trust to me,

Preferment henceforth is to thee

A paulo-post-future.

Tag-

Tag-rag and bobtail last rush in,
Eager to dash thro' thick and thin,
And spread the Patriot fire.
Some disappear at *Newgate's Drop*,
The rest, that noble State to prop,
To *Botany* retire.

Gentles ! I've done---of BLUE and BUFF
I fear you've got at least enough
For present deglutition.
Vice, Folly, and the madd'ning Moon,
Will furnish out, I doubt not, soon
Another *Exhibition*.

FINIS.